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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 252 / NUMBER 3273

EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

GOING PLACES	436	In Britain
	438	Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
	439	To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
SOCIAL	441	Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball
	444	Muriel Bowen's column
	445	The wedding of Miss Wendy Raphael and Mr. Richard Durlacher
	446	Polo at Cowdray Park
	448	The Silver Arrow Ball
	449	Letter from Scotland
FEATURES	450	The whistle-stop director: <i>photographs by John Timbers</i>
	452	A funny thing happened to William Sansom
	453	The weekend fliers: <i>photographs by Morris Newcombe, report by John Mann</i>
COUNTERSPY	459	New shops: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
FASHION	460	Black and white: <i>by Unity Barnes, photographs by Peter Kernot</i>
VERDICTS	468	On plays: <i>by Pat Wallace</i>
	469	On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	470	On books: <i>by Oliver Warner</i>
	471	On records: <i>by Gerald Lascelles</i>
	471	On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
GOOD LOOKS	472	Rising 25
ANTIQUES	473	South African surprise: <i>by Albert Adair</i>
MAN'S WORLD	474	Morton's Law: <i>by David Morton</i>
MOTORING	475	The facia-board jig-saw: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>
DINING IN	476	A treat for high tea: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
ENGAGEMENTS & WEDDINGS	478	



It's the kind of thing that could never look easy even supposing the plane was a studio mock-up and the girl was suspended on flying ballet wires. In point of fact this kind of shot could only be gained by flying alongside in a companion aircraft. Which is just what photographer Morris Newcombe did in order to carry out his brief to record the activities of Britain's modern weekend fliers. The lady on the flying trapeze is Lolita Benjamin of the Tiger Club, piloted by her husband, Newcombe's further pictures appear on page 453 alongside writer John Mann's report from Redhill, Biggin Hill and other fields of vantage

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Glyndebourne Opera Festival, first night, *Macbeth*, 21 May.

Spring Fair, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 21 May, in aid of the International Social Service of Gt. Britain. (Details, TAT 8737.)

Chelsea Flower Show, 27-29 May (private view, 26 May).

Mother & Daughter luncheon, Savoy, 28 May, in aid of the Polio Research Fund. (Details, swi 2019.)

Hampshire Red Cross Ball, HQ, Weeke, Winchester, 29 May.

Summer Ball, R.A.F. Old Sarum, Salisbury, 29 May. (Tickets, Sqn. Ldr. J. M. Robertson, Officers' Mess.)

Eights Week, Oxford, 27-30 May.

The Queen & Prince Philip will attend the film *A Night With the Royal Ballet*, Royal Festival Hall, 1 June, in aid of Gordonstoun Scholarship Fund. (WAT 3191.)

The Derby, Epsom, 3 June.

Bath Festival, 3-14 June.

The Oaks, Epsom, 5 June.

Point-to-point: Melton Hunt Club, Garthorpe, 23 May.

UNIVERSITY DANCES

Oxford: St. John's, Commem. 22 June (double tickets, £77s.,

from Mr. P. C. Skelton); **Hertford Summer Ball**, 19 June (double tickets, £4 4s., from Mr. A. G. Gladwell).

Cambridge: 1st & 3rd Trinity May Ball, 15 June (double tickets, 5½ gns. not inc. supper, from Mr. A. Axon, Trinity College); **St. Catharine's May Ball**, 16 June; **Clare May Ball**, 15 June; **Churchill May Ball**, 15 June (double tickets, £6 6s., from Mr. Peter T. Jackson).

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Bath, Catterick Bridge, today; Lincoln, today & 21; Pontefract, 22; Lingfield Park, Liverpool, 22, 23; Ripon, 23; Hamilton Park, 23, 25; Lewes, Worcester, 25; Alexandra Park, 26; York, 26-29 May.

Steeplechasing: Stratford-upon-Avon, Newcastle, 23; Southwell, 25; Sedgefield, 30 May.

CRICKET

M.C.C. v. Australians, Lord's, 23, 25, 26 May; **Oxford University v. Australians**, Oxford, 27-29 May; **Lancashire v. Australians**, Old Trafford, 30 May, 1, 2 June.

GOLF

Ladies' Championships: Welsh, Southerndown, 21-28

May. **English**, Ganton; **Scottish**, Gullane, 26-28 May. **Irish**, Royal Portrush, 26-29 May.

SAILING

Flying Dutchman class meeting, Southen-on-Sea, 23, 24 May. **Tall Ships Race**, Plymouth-Lisbon-Bermuda, start 24 May.

TENNIS

Surrey Championships, Surbiton, 25-30 May.

MUSICAL

Royal Festival Hall. Segovia (guitar), 8 p.m., tonight; L.S.O., cond. Dorati, with Byron Janis (piano), 8 p.m., 21 May; R.P.O., cond. Hurst, with Boris Gutnikoff (violin), 8 p.m., 22 May; B.B.C. Light Programme Music Festival, 7.30 p.m., 23 May; Amadeus String Quartet, 3 p.m., 24 May; Colour film *Der Rosenkavalier*, 7 p.m., 24 May; London Junior & Senior Orchestras, cond. Ernest Read, 8 p.m., 25 May; L.S.O., cond. Copland, 8 p.m., 26 May; Hallé Orchestra, 8 p.m., 27 May. (WAT 3191.)

Victoria & Albert Museum. *Der Winterreise*, Thomas Hemsley, acc. Gerald Moore, 7.30 p.m., 24 May. (WEL 8418.)

Lunchtime concert, Wigmore Hall. Penelope Lynex (cello), Peter Croser (piano), 12.45 a.m., 26 May. (Adm.: 2s., students, 6d.)

Ranger's House, Blackheath. Alfred Deller (counter-tenor), Maria Donska (piano), 7.30 p.m., 24 May. (MAY 7600.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 16 August.

Painting & Sculpture, 1954/64, Tate Gallery, to 28 June.

Graven Image, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 28 May.

Christ in Glory, the genesis of the Coventry Cathedral tapestry, by Graham Sutherland. Redfern Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. (Adm. 2s. 6d. in aid of Oxfam.) To 12 June.

The Human Image, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 28 May.

Kensington Artists, Leighton House, Holland Park Rd., to 30 May.

John and Jean Bratby paintings, Ashgate Gallery, Farnham, to 28 May.

EXHIBITION

Collectors' Pieces: clocks & watches. Science Museum, S. Kensington. 29 May-9 August.

AUCTION SALE

Sotheby's. Portrait miniatures, 25 May; Chinese ceramics & jades, 26 May; English furniture, 29 May; Watches, automata, Fabergé, 1 June. All 11 a.m. (HYD 7242).

FIRST NIGHTS

Aldwych. Moscow Art Theatre, 26 May.

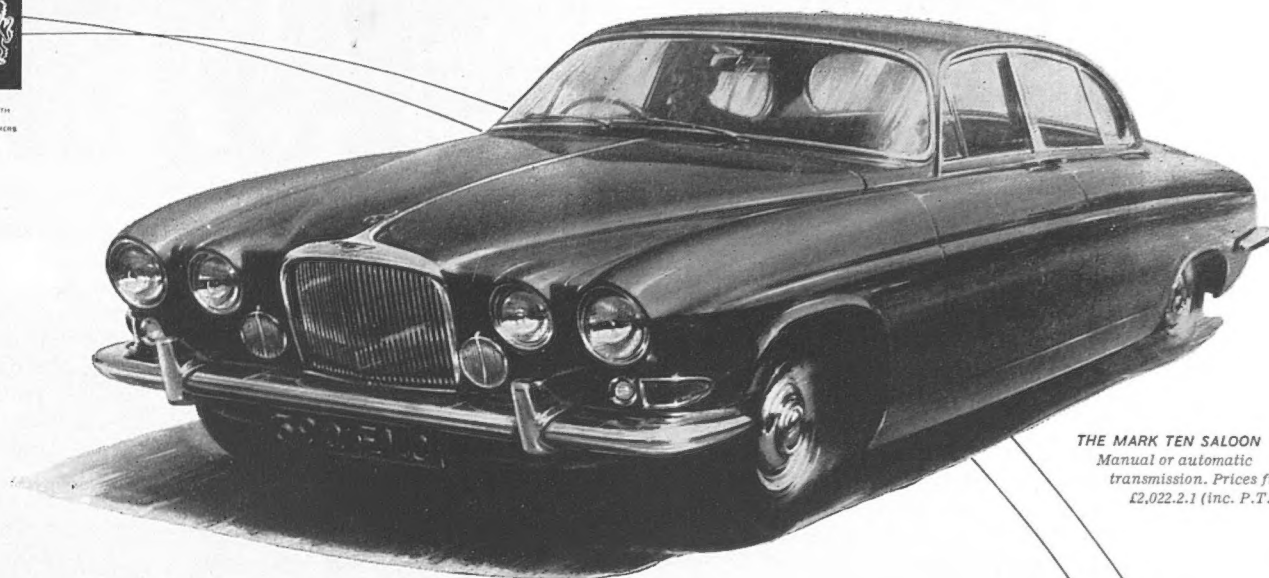
New Arts. *The Trigon*, 27 May. **Theatre Royal**, Windsor. *The Photographer*, 25 May.

BRIGGS by Graham





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GOING PLACES ABROAD

SPRING IN VIENNA

I began one splendid Sunday last month by breakfasting off newly caught, fresh-cooked fish wrapped in a newspaper, beside Istanbul's Galata Bridge; and ended it under the chandeliers of Vienna's Opera House listening to *Die Meistersinger*. Two painless hours and an excellent lunch were spent in the dove-blue upholstery of a Pan-Am Boeing, 30,000 feet above Greece and Yugoslavia.

By comparison with shabby, exotic, glorious Istanbul, even Vienna's exuberant baroque seemed sober and Western. But contrast is one of the joys of travel, and few cities could be less alike than these two old capitals of great and rival empires. In fact, I had not entirely left Istanbul behind: on the evening of my arrival in Vienna, I went to visit friends in the outlying village of Salamansdorf, so named, they told me, after the great Süleyman whose mosque dominates Istanbul's skyline. Up a narrow street close to their house stood a small shrine, erected on the site of the would-be conqueror's camp during the last siege of Vienna in 1683—in thanksgiving for the victory which finished the Ottoman threat once and for all, and turned one of the tides of history. That same evening, we had a cold picnic supper—ham, slices of cheese, black bread—in a village *heurigen*, with tankards of the local white wine. Warmed already by the wine and the cosy fug and the Sunday-night mood, the people at the table behind us began to sing. An old woman came in to sell from her basket of lavender. I was back in the Vienna I knew.

It is true that Vienna lives on her past. She also lives with it. Perhaps it is only a nation so recently divested of a great dynasty and a powerful empire that can have such nostalgia, can so lovingly preserve its great palaces—Belvedere, Schönbrunn, Hofburg; can so honour the dwelling places, all of them informal museums, of Mozart and Goethe; Beethoven and Schubert; Max Reinhard and Stefan Zweig. There is not, in this city, any particular line of demarcation between past and present.

Apart from the royal Treas-

ury and two magnificent art collections (the Fine Arts and the Künzhistorische), the museums encompass the most esoteric of subjects:—surgical instruments, tobacco and papyrus; Viennese fiacres and carriages; a collection of horse bridles, bits and saddlery; coins and clocks; railways and furniture; maps, armour and musical instruments.

One of my favourites is the Musical Collection, on a first floor salon of the new Hofburg, facing the palace from which Metternich conducted the Congress of Vienna. A treasure from his private collection, now in the Museum, is a miniature wax bust of Haydn, looking like a gentle, elderly chemist. Among the most romantic of its many exhibits is the piano, sweet and liquid in tone, which the portrait painter Reider bought so that Schubert, too poor at the time to afford his own, could play on it. The piano which Beethoven possessed for 20 years, and on which he composed his first sonatas, remains untuned, being considered too sacrosanct to tamper with, but its notes are heart-stirring. The collection ranges from the faint, rainwater-like notes of the earliest clavichords (one of them has keys made from tortoiseshell) to the comparatively modern piano which Conrad Graf gave to Clara Schumann on her marriage, and which later passed to Brahms.

The Capucin Vaults are second in size and scope only to the mausoleums of the Spanish royal family in the Escorial. But they are much more approachable. Marie Therese, who spent so much money on decorating Schönbrunn that she had to burn the bills relating to it shortly before her death, commissioned Mölle to build her sarcophagus a good 25 years in advance. She and her consort, Franz Stefan, confront posterity looking rather as though they were sitting up in bed together, awaiting their breakfast. Somebody had, appropriately enough, placed a bunch of Parma violets by the feet of Marie Louise who, after Napoleon's death, became duchess of that then Bourbon

state. A notable absentee in the vault is L'Aiglon, the sick and tragic son of her marriage with Napoleon. His death mask remains in one of the apartments of Schönbrunn, but Hitler had his body removed to Paris and reinterred in the Invalides: a sentimental sop to the French, but an ironic postscript to history, if ever there was one.

In the Winter Palace of the Hofburg—around whose complex of buildings lie many of the museums I have mentioned—the strong but dissonant personalities of Franz Josef and Elizabeth almost live and breathe. The seemingly pointless austerity which the Emperor chose, and forced his Empress to live with, are set against the extravagant splendour of the rest of the Palace. The elaborate place settings in the banqueting room are in the Spanish manner, with all the knives, forks and spoons on the right-hand side. Each *placement* had also six different glasses, and a carafe for wine: even women helped themselves. This was not, I was told, because the Emperor was fond of sybaritic living, but because he was an impatient diner and liked to get a meal over quickly.

Not so his subjects, either then or now. Everything about Vienna is equipped for leisure and conversation. Cafés—and every other building which is not a shop, church, museum or palace seems to be a café—come in two quite different types;

there are morning cafés, whose only sound is the turning of newspapers (supported on long wooden rods, they are proffered with your order). And then the afternoon cafés, such as that of the old Imperial hotel, which are instinct with chatter and cream cakes and Strauss music.

The best restaurants—Sacher, Am Franziskanerplatz, the Spanish Riding School restaurant (over the stables) and the Imperial Grill—divide their well-spaced tables and comfortably upholstered chairs into a series of small salons, leading one from another; all dine by candlelight. Drei Husaren and the Rötbar add the catalyst of piano music. Sacher's—of which the Rötbar is part—has a fascinating alcove full of signed photographs of the portly tenors and the peach-breasted prima donnas who came to dine after the Opera. A few new rugs and curtains, especially woven to the old pattern, has kept the essential character of a place which is somehow enshrined in the turn of the century.

Hotels: Top bracket (about £6 a night), the splendid new Intercontinental; the Imperial, the Bristol and Sacher. Medium: Am Stefan, near the Cathedral, and Clima (also new, but slightly off-centre). **How to get there:** Pan Am's daily flight, via Frankfurt, arrives at 1 p.m., £53 12s. return.



VIENNA: the Schönbrunn Palace, now an informal museum, typifies the ability of the Viennese to live with their past

JOHN BAKER WHITE

GOING PLACES TO EAT

PLAIN SETTING, HIGH LIVING

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table. **Jabberwocky**, 145, Ebury Street, S.W.1. (slo 7847.) Open for luncheon and dinner weekdays, and dinner on Sundays. There is nothing pretentious about this restaurant, inside or out, for it is small and plainly furnished. You get your first hint from the fact that the *patron* receives you himself. He makes you feel from the start that he wants you to enjoy your meal; and you should, for here is cooking of real quality. The *terrine maison*, a generous slice, with plenty of fresh hot toast, is excellent. The fish risotto, containing shrimps, mussels and other delights is outstanding. So is the Steak Medici, a *filet* done in the richest of sauces. The *petit pois* were the best I have eaten for a long long time. Nor did the standard drop when we reached the coffee. My host, a regular user of this restaurant, told me that the wine list is as good as the food: certainly that was the case with the red Burgundy that he gave us. I have a friend in Ostend—where the world's best soles come from—who remains slightly sceptical of our cooking standards. The next time he is in London I shall take him to this restaurant. W.B. **Rigoletto**, 26, Romilly Street, Soho, a few yards from the

Columbia Theatre in one direction and Cinerama in the other. Open luncheon and dinner, to 11.30 p.m. weekdays and 11 p.m. Sundays. Fully licensed, (GER 5302.) Brand, sparkling new and if it keeps up its present admirable standard should prove highly and deservedly popular. Seats round about 40, simply but elegantly got up, with white walls, spotless napery and large linen napkins. The menu is almost 100% Italian—smoked salmon is almost the only deviation—and imaginative, with several dishes not usually found in London. Allow 4s. 6d. for the first course—for example, an excellent risotto—while Parma ham with melon is only 7s. 6d. The main courses range from 8s. 8d. to 10s. 6d.: in all cases they are ample and in some the price includes two or more vegetables. The coffee is good and the cups large. There is a good selection of wines, mostly Italian, and *en carafe*. Service is swift, cheerful and friendly. I made particular note of the quality of the butter and the display of fresh fruit and salad vegetables.

American accolade

Congratulations to Bernard Walsh of Wheelers and Tom Bell of Rule's Restaurant. On 6 May they received from Mr.

Gordon Rothrock, managing director of Burnett, Nicholson & Partners, the Cordon d'Or Award presented by the Sun-kist Growers of California. It is given to 50 internationally famous restaurants in Britain, France, Switzerland, Holland and Norway, whose recipes for fish and seafood dishes are selected for inclusion in the Sunkist recipe file, published in the U.S.A. and Canada. From the recipes submitted by London restaurants, the awards go to Wheelers and Rules.

Italian style in Kent

A *trattoria* has now been established in Canterbury, the **Roma Antica** at 9, Longport, (CANTERBURY 63326.) Open luncheon and dinner to 11.30 p.m. I commend the cheese with toasted bread or the bean soup to start with, and then the chicken done in the Roman style with peppers. The Italian *hors d'oeuvre* is also good, but you will not want a great deal after it. The menu, very pleasantly laid out, offers a wide choice of Italian dishes at most reasonable prices. The last time I was there they were still waiting for their licence, but they will send out for wine. Each dish is cooked as ordered, so do not be impatient. It is well worth waiting. W.B.

Wine note

Any day now the shipping of the 1961 vintage of Château Rausan-Segla will begin, an event of some importance for two reasons. It celebrates the completion of 300 years of a famous château, to be marked by a special bottle and label, and it is a wine of quite outstanding quality. It is compared with that of 1928, 1929 and 1945. The colour is reported to be fine, and the body full, a fine example of a typical claret at its best. It will be at its peak in about 1975. The vintage was very small over the whole Margaux Commune, so the limited stock of Château Rausan-Segla will not be less than 33s. to 35s. per bottle. The John Holt Group of Liverpool are the shippers.

. . . and a reminder

Les Pies Qui Rient, 2, Abingdon Road, High Street Kensington end. (WES 3737.) High quality French cooking. **Stone's Chop House**, Panton Street, Haymarket. The Upper Room. Worth a visit if you have come to like downstairs and good value for money. **L'Escargot Bienvenu**, 48, Greek Street, Soho. (GER 4460.) A change of ownership has not destroyed its atmosphere.



Mr. W. J. Breen of Trust Houses, Mrs. J. Lambert, wife of the Vice-Provost of Eton, Mr. J. Surtees of Percy Fox & Co. and Mr. Lambert at the first of a series of wine tastings given at the Castle Hotel, Windsor, by chairman and directors of Trust Houses and Percy Fox



Larry Rivers, most successful of the new wave of American painters hangs his Dutch Master and Cigars 2 for his current exhibition at the Gimpel Gallery

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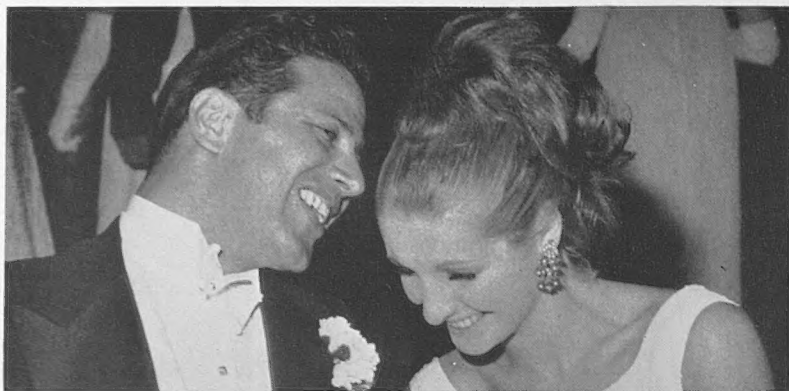
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A BOMB OF A BALL

"Fireworks and white mice are commonplace at Queen Charlotte's Ball," shrugged an unimpressed deb when she heard that someone had flung a couple of bombs on to the floor during this year's dance. They didn't go off, incidentally, but in any case the Queen Charlotte always sets the London season off like a bomb. This year's at Grosvenor House was no exception. Among the 1,100 guests were 300 debutantes. Here two of them carry slices of the birthday cake back to their tables. They are Miss Diana Goedhuis, daughter of Dr. Daniel Goedhuis, the Dutch Civil Air Attaché in London, and her cousin Miss Veronica Henderson. 150 of the girls, chosen by ballot, made their curtsy to the guest of honour, the Countess of Mansfield, who represented Queen Charlotte, together with the Ball President, Margherita Lady Howard de Walden. Muriel Bowen writes about the ball on page 444 and there are more pictures by Barry Swaebe overleaf

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A BOMB OF A BALL/CONTINUED

1 The mass curtsey to the guest of honour, the Countess of Mansfield: on her left, Margherita Lady Howard de Walden, the Ball President

2 Mr. Peter Ausnit, who flew over from the U.S.A. specially for the dance, with Miss Roberta Cunningham-Reid

3 Miss Jill Sidebottom and Mr. Peter Sidebottom

4 Miss Diana Krause from Johannesburg and Miss Corinne Dicey from Capetown

5 Miss Mary Charteris, daughter of the Hon. Sir Martin & the Hon. Lady Charteris, with Mr. Michael Stewart

6 Miss Andrea Spice and Mr. Nicholas Gubbins

7 Miss Anne Finlay, daughter of Lt.-Cmdr. & Mrs. David Finlay, with Mr. Colin Russell who is at Oxford

8 Miss Rosemary McGill and Mr. John Nichol

9 The Hon. Mary-Elizabeth Pellew



THE NIGHT OF THE BALL

BY MURIEL BOWEN

The five guinea tickets for Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, all 1,100 of them, sold twice as quickly as they did last year. The whole lot went inside a fortnight of the opening of the booking in February and Queen Charlotte's Hospital and Chelsea Hospital who share the profits of the ball—estimated at around £3,000—will receive a substantial benefit.

Guest of honour this year was the COUNTESS OF MANSFIELD, a splendidly regal figure with an exquisite diamond tiara in her hair. She cut the 200-lb. birthday cake drawn in on a trolley by some of the girls and received a bouquet from another of this year's debutantes, DIANA BALFOUR, who is herself a descendant of the Queen Charlotte for whom the ball was named.

More than 300 debutantes attended the ball, the majority of them in white, simple dresses with long white gloves and their hair worn high on their heads. As happens nearly every year one or two wits were present. One young man threw a firework, wrapped in a paper napkin, over the top of the balcony on to the ballroom floor during one of the most formal moments of the evening.

DINNER AT HAMPTON

The Queen has given permission to the Governors of the Royal Shakespeare Company to hold a Midsummer Night's dinner in Hampton Court Palace on 24 June. The dinner in the Great Hall of Wolsey's palace will be the first to be held at Hampton Court since the reign of George II who died in 1760. He was the last reigning monarch to live there. The dinner will be on a subscription basis, tickets costing ten guineas each. Like the Queen Charlotte's Ball tickets I expect they will go quickly.

For those who have not tired of Shakespeare by that time there is to be a performance of *Twelfth Night* at the Middle Temple during the City of London Festival, 6-18 July. It looks like being a grand dress-up occasion. It will also be an historic occasion, as the first performance of the play was given in the Middle Temple Hall before Queen Elizabeth I in 1602.

The committee of the Festival hopes that the new piazza north of St. Paul's will be a focal point for a great variety

down that suggestion! St. Paul's will be the setting for what promises to be a stupendous opening of the Festival. The *Grand Messe des Morts* by Berlioz with 350 performers has been chosen. There will be four military bands, as in the original performance in Paris. The London Symphony Orchestra too will take part.

SUMMER DANCERS

The Rose Ball at Grosvenor House was fresh and vital, remarkable also for the presence of so many beautiful women who wear chic dresses and jewels with an easy grace. Among them were LADY DAPHNE STRAIGHT, the COUNTESS OF WILTON who was chairman of this year's ball, and STELLA VISCOUNTESS EDNAM. Also supporting this good dance were SIR DANVERS OSBORN, BT., & LADY OSBORN; the HON. ROBIN & Mrs. WARRENDER; Mr. IVAN & LADY EDITH FOXWELL; Mr. & Mrs. NIGEL CAMPBELL, who were off to their villa in Majorca for Whitsun; and Mr. HENRY FORD II, who enjoyed the surprise of being thanked for a Ford Foundation scholarship by one of the guests. He told me he was in London on a flying business trip. I also met Mr. WHITNEY STRAIGHT just back from exploring an island off the coast of Arabia; LORD BROOKE with his neck temporarily in plaster; Mr. ROBIN & LADY ROSEMARY MUIR; GROUP CAPT. & Mrs. GORDON PIRIE; SIR LESLIE GAMAGE and his wife, and her sister, the HON. Mrs. ROSE. Sir Leslie had heavy duties as porter to Mrs. Rose—her ten tombola tickets won seven prizes including two travel suitcases full of groceries!

JAMAICA HONEYMOON

That Mr. RICHARD DURLACHER and his bride the former Miss WENDY RAPHAEL should go to Jamaica for their honeymoon surprised none of their friends. He is keen on sailing, she is an accomplished water skier. They will be away a month and on their return will make their home in Kensington. They have bought a house in Victoria Road.

The wedding was at Holy Trinity, Brompton, with a reception given by the bride's parents, Mr. & Mrs. HUBERT RAPHAEL at the Dorchester. (See pictures opposite.) Guests included ADMIRAL SIR LAURENCE & LADY DURLACHER; VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE & FERRARD; VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS VAUGHAN; Mr. & Mrs. PHILIP DE LASZLO; the HON. ANTHONY & Mrs. MONTAGU; the EARL & COUNTESS OF KINNOULL; Mr. NIGEL FISHER, M.P. & Mrs. FISHER; SIR ROBERT RENWICK, BT., & LADY RENWICK; and Miss ELIZABETH DURLACHER. Prior to her marriage the bride was teaching in a kindergarten in Onslow Square, a job she has now given up. Her husband is with his father's stockjobbing firm in the City.

large screen TV in every room. More surprisingly for London it also has attractive gardens, and a large ornamental pool with sparkling fountains. These were the things the men guests were noting when Mr. & Mrs. STANLEY WALDUCK held a luncheon party for the opening of their new hotel. But most of the women guests made no secret of the fact that the most exciting facet of the whole business for them was seeing and meeting Miss BARBARA CARTLAND, the novelist, who performed the opening ceremony.

Miss Cartland, dressed in violet with a great hat to match, did not disappoint them. She made a very good speech. The Walduck family, she said, established the first Bedford Hotel in 1836. It cost £290 and there was a rent of £90 a year. The fact that the Walducks now have the largest privately owned hotel company in the world was due, Miss Cartland said, to the very personal interest they take in their guests.

THE WORLD'S A THEATRE

One of the most brilliant gatherings of theatrical talent ever assembled in London is contributing to the current World Theatre Season at the Aldwych Theatre. Companies from France, Germany, Italy, Poland, Greece and Russia are represented in the festival which is being staged as an international contribution to the Shakespeare Quatercentenary.

Mr. HAROLD WILSON took time off to go and see *The Plough and the Stars* put on by the Abbey Theatre from Dublin. When the same company put on *Juno and the Paycock* a couple of nights earlier I noticed that Irish theatrical accents are much less broad than they used to be. It was no longer necessary to do translations for English friends! Others who have attended some of the season's plays include LORD & LADY DUNSANY; CAPT. the HON. TERENCE O'NEILL; Mr. & Mrs. PETER O'TOOLE; Mr. & Mrs. STEPHEN WATERHOUSE; the Irish Ambassador Mr. J. G. MOLLOY; and Mr. & Mrs. EDWARD SUTRO. Mr. & Mrs. D. A. ABRAHAMS were entertaining each first night evening in their box. The night I was there they had with them their son PETER who is studying accountancy. Mrs. Abrahams is having a coming-of-age dance for him at Claridge's on 4 July.

WINE WASTED?

How much does a girl being taken out to dinner appreciate good wine? The question came up at a wine tasting at the Café Royal. "You will only waste your money giving her good wine," said Mr. ERNEST MARPLES, the Transport Minister. "Buy her a silk scarf instead and she will have something to remember you by." Advice with more humour



BRIDE WITH AN ENTOURAGE OF EIGHT

Miss Wendy Raphael, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Hubert Raphael, of Sussex Square, W., was married to Mr. Richard Durlacher, son of Mr. Esmond Durlacher, of Queen's Gate Lodge, Elvaston Place, S.W., and of Lady Sheila Durlacher of Cornwall Gardens, S.W., at Holy Trinity, Brompton. The bride had eight attendants, including a page and five child bridesmaids. The best man was Mr. Timothy Durlacher

1 The bride and bridegroom

2 Mrs. Bill Citron

3 Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Gibbs with Mr. Graham Turner Laing

4 Miss Emma Craven, another child attendant

5 Miss Amanda Harris, one of the child bridesmaids, with her mother, Mrs. Bryan Harris, and the Earl of Brecknock



2



3



4



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The opening of the polo season at Cowdray Park was marked by a victory for the Jersey Lilies side, who won through to the final of the Tyro Cup against the holders, Polo Cottage. There was fast action in the match despite a booming wind that drove spectators to the shelter of their cars and drowned the announcements from the loudhailer

2



3



4

1 A bleak wind blew over the downland but the trees were in spring leaf. Close to the rails in the third match of the meeting were Mr. Harold Freeborn (Woodpeckers No. 3) on left, and Mr. G. C. Ballieu (Squirrels No. 1)
 2 Cowdray Park's No. 3, Mr. P. Upson, feeds lump sugar to the ponies after the match
 3 Painter Mr. H. J. Butler at work near the paddock. Mounted on a pony is the Squirrels'

No. 3, Senor E. Urrea. Also in the picture, Mrs. R. Ferguson and Lieut.-Commander R. E. F. de Pass
 4 Lt.-Col. P. W. Dollar, the Cowdray Park No. 4, changing after the match
 5 Col. S. V. Kennedy, the umpire, mounted, talks to Mr. R. C. Driver, No. 1 for Polo Cottage
 6 Mr. R. Diaz (Jersey Lilies No. 1) and Mr. B. B. Bethel (Polo Cottage No. 4) at rivalry in the second match



5



6



AN ARROW TO THE HEART

The annual Silver Arrow Ball, held at Quaglino's, helped the funds of Harrow Youth Clubs, the charity run by Harrow School. The ball, under the presidency of the Duchess of Roxburgh, was also attended by the Headmaster of Harrow

1 Mr. Peter Shaw and Miss Victoria Wint

2 Miss Carolyn Watson and Mr. Dudley Savill, who works for the United Nations

3 Miss Bente Bock, from Denmark, and Mr. W. E. F. Samuel were celebrating their engagement, announced that day

4 The Ball President, the Duchess of Roxburgh, and Major Robert Hoare, joint-Master of the Cottesmore Hunt

5 The Headmaster of Harrow, Dr. R. L. James, and his wife

6 Actress Miss Jo Maxwell-Muller and Mr. Michael Cecil-Gibson dance to music played by the Band of Angels group



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

A recently arrived visitor from Switzerland has lately been bringing honour to the Selkirk tweed manufacturing firm for which she designs. She is 28-year-old Miss Evelyn Churcher, four of whose cloths were awarded gold medals at the recent California Textile Exposition at Sacramento—the firm for which she works, Gibson & Lumgair, won a record-breaking seven medals all told. Miss Churcher, half-English, half-Swiss, had never visited Scotland before last September. She had worked as a designer in linen in Switzerland, in cotton in Finland, then turned her attention to wool and decided to work in Scotland. Now she likes both the cloth and the country so much that she wants to go on living and working here for some considerable time.

Miss Churcher's colours are much brighter and gayer than those usually associated with Scottish fabrics. "I'm strongly influenced by the strong colours of Finland," she told me. "I like a colour to be brilliant." She's particularly keen about a glowing orange-yellow at the moment—it features strongly in her spring collection. But for her own clothes, she generally favours quieter colours. "I've never worn anything of my own designing," she admits.

MORE CAMELS

Lady Reece, who lives at Gifford in East Lothian, last year brought out a first book called *To My Wife—50 Camels*, an amusing and factual account of her life in the Northern Frontier district of Kenya where her husband, Sir Gerald Reece, was District Commissioner for some years. Now, she tells me, she is "working like mad on the sequel to the camels" which will be about her life in Somaliland. She hopes to have it finished by the end of this month, which should please her publishers for they have been showing a keen interest in the book's progress. In between times she is working on a boys' adventure story—also set in the north of Kenya.

Lady Reece's first book has been having quite a success—not surprisingly since she has a natural gift as a raconteur and her sister is Honor Tracy, that witty observer of the delightful daftness that is Ireland.

Lady Reece's younger daughter, who was married last year and is at present living in America, is also interested in writing and has done "a little." I'm wondering when the fever is going to take hold of their elder daughter, Sarah. So far she seems to have resisted it and is doing secretarial work with the Foreign Office. She is at present stationed in Angola.

BALLET IN MORAY

Ballet is flourishing now among the glens of Moray—in Forres and on the nearby Glenernerney Estate at Dunphail. The explanation: Glenernerney Estate is the home of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce and of her daughter, Miss Veronica Bruce. Some years ago Miss Bruce was an internationally known ballet dancer, but illness put a stop to her chosen career. So about seven years ago she turned her wealth of knowledge and experience to teaching ballet and formed the Cygnet Ballet School in Forres. Now she also runs a residential school of ballet on the estate for a fortnight every year. This year the school is to be held during July. "The problem at the moment is whom to refuse," Miss Bruce told me. "We can only take about 23 to live here and I don't think we could squeeze in any more."

The second week of the school is to be

devoted to public performances of ballet, an experiment which was started last year with great success.

SQUASH COURT THEATRE

The performances are given in a small theatre on the estate. It was originally a squash racquets court and bit by bit it has been converted and improved—with a good deal of help from choreographer Robin Anderson who comes up each year from London for the "season." This year the balcony is being extended to make extra seating accommodation. Robin will also be stage managing and probably producing a ballet as well.

Miss Bruce likes to get professionals to take some of the lead parts every other year. In the intervening years the students attending the course take the leads themselves. Next year with the extension of the season she hopes to be able to use a good many professionals. J.P.



First picture of the first of this year's quartet of Royal babies: James Robert Bruce, the two-month old son of Princess Alexandra and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, photographed with his parents at their home, Thatched House Lodge, Richmond Park, Surrey. The christening took place in the chapel of Buckingham Palace last week.



WHISTLE-STOP DIRECTOR

The modern American musical is a new breed of show which, by making equal demands on director, choreographer, designer and composer, has produced a new breed of theatre-men: dynamic, fast-working, frequently inspired. Leading among them is Harold Prince, largely responsible for the latest Broadway success to hit Shaftesbury Avenue, *She Loves Me*. Prince directs the show, but also offers evidence of executive talents as he also co-presents it. His colleagues in presentation are designer Tony Walton and lighting man Richard Pilbrow, the formidable trio that also presented the still-running *A Funny Thing . . .* and which Prince produced.

The youthful Prince—he is 36—directs with a whistle, combining two influences from his career; the brisk approach of George Abbott on whose television staff he once worked, and hints of the military—he served in the U.S. army in France and Germany when the Korean war broke out. Prince began his career after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania where he took an active interest in the Penn Players as actor, author, director. After



PHOTOGRAPHS: JOHN TIMBERS



From his two musicals currently running in London's West End: *Below*: Prince chats with comedian Frankie Howerd in the actor's dressing room before a performance of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*. In *She Loves Me*, Ann Rogers shares scenes with another shopgirl played (left) by Rita Moreno. In the same show, Gary Raymond and Ann Rogers (bottom left) play pen friends who don't realize they work side by side.



military service he returned to the theatre and George Abbott, being his stage manager and working with him on *Wonderful Town*. Perhaps his first stroke of individual genius came when he bought, with Robert Griffith, the stage rights of a novel called *7½ Cents*, which eventually became a musical some may have heard of, *The Pyjama Game*. After that it was musicals, success and more musicals all the way. His arrival in London to direct *She Loves Me* became something of a whistle stop in itself, for immediately after launching the show he went straight back to New York and his busiest programme yet, which includes two new musicals, one of which, *Baker Street*, has Sherlock Holmes as the central figure. Harold Prince is married to Judith, the daughter of composer-producer Saul Chaplin, and they have a baby son called Charley. See scene of family joy on opposite page.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED...

One of the lesser problems in writing a novel is how to end it. If it is a good novel it should be close to life, and in life there is no ending but death. The time-honoured substitute for death used to be marriage. In point of fact the characters in any book have to go on living after the end, and they could always take a dozen different roads. So it must be the novelist's aim not to end but to finalize. He must in fact parcel it neatly, as a piece of music has to be parcelled, tying it up with a final chord.

Once I was finishing a novel and engaged on this delicate operation. My own situation was at a table looking through french windows across a wild patch of grass ending some 20 yards away in a London garden wall. The situation of my characters was far away in rainy Spain: it poured and poured on them in Barcelona, while I enjoyed a mild November in London, yellow leaves blazing, gnats rising, rattled birds wondering whether to sing. The novelist always lives in two places, his own and his book's. Thus throughout the year I had spent half my waking hours in Spain, but every quarter-hour being brought back to Swiss Cottage by the brittle little thunderclap of a thrush's skirt, the sudden rise of female ants in July, a garden spider big as a small coffee table lurching in, the remarkably *social* visits of other people's cats and even dogs.

One afternoon, I remember, a budgerigar flew in and perched on my head. I could not get it to go. The only thing to do finally was to go on writing with the bird walking to and fro on my head and occasionally pulling a hair out. It was very fond of eyebrows. But this was not too bad. What upset me was that it walked sideways. Something shifty about that.

And then as December came, life was further complicated by a fracture of a main

drain serving the house. One day all was fairly plain sailing—the bird had gone by then—and the next the sailing had become almost too literal even for a literary man, with water up to the floorboards in my basement-garden-flat. All the lights were fused. And builders and electricians had the floor up so that I sat now in a kind of private Venice, water gurgling and plunging among the exposed joists, and I writing away by candlelight. The candles shone on the dark water, a Venetian smell of old soap lightly touched the air, there was the living presence of the lagoon underneath.

At the same time, tunnelling had begun from the road. The drainage men did not build the usual trench, but chose to construct a tunnel, in which they could be heard talking through the earth like a couple of sappers: a great mound of clay and mud had risen in the road, all was sog and the muffled ring of spades—here was an extra dimension of Flanders, 1916. Now I was in Spain, Venice, Flanders and Swiss Cottage, an acrobatic sort of life . . . and still so many pages had to be filled every day. The novelist cannot chuck in his hand and leave it to another day: he is a free man, his own master, he would never take the liberty.

Gradually the book came towards its end, the tunnel dug deeper, the waters subsided, the floor reappeared. And one morning I sat down to work knowing that sometime before lunch the last pages would be filled and a year and a-half's work completed. This in itself is a giddy sensation. One writes a little faster, a final sprint: yet towards the last moment slowing down, the end really in sight and the author suddenly loath to let go his child into the world. Of course, afterwards there is much nursing of the child, dotting his little "i's"

and watching his commas, seeing he is quite clean and fresh: but the moment of putting the last word is still an awesome and sacred one, made up of small regrets and great relief, and one stabs in the final full stop with a pen like a sword.

There comes then a strong temptation to draw a line across the page. People do this when addressing letters, or signing a name. All the more reason, then, when 18 months of solid writing has come to an end. And I remember that day, as the last word was set to my manuscript, poised with pen to do just this, and as always battling a moment against it as one might battle against any other nervous tic.

It was about midday. Pen thus poised, my final ending written, I raised my eyes to look across the garden at the view which had accompanied all the writing of the book—the grass, the old brick wall at the end. And as I did so, a noon gun might have been fired, or a divine man might have flourished his ultimate baton—for the whole wall, like a straight line itself, quietly crumbled and fell to the earth.

It was a Victorian wall. It had stood for about 100 years, pushed slowly askew by the roots of trees. It had chosen this one brilliant moment to topple, drawing a most precise and meaning line across my mental page. It was lyrical and breathtaking. Jericho had been added to Venice, Flanders, Spain, Swiss Cottage. I felt like clapping. Only, a moment later, not: for that garden bounded by the wall had been part of the life of that book. And now, just as the thing was finished, here was another garden beyond revealed for the first time. It seemed to mean another book. Immediately. Turn the page, and like George Sand, begin another book right away! I banged the manuscript shut tight and fled that house into a million pubs.

TO WILLIAM SANSOM ON THE WAY TO THE END OF A BOOK



the Daedalus complex

It's as much a state of mind as a sport that lures young men and women to draughty fields, far from home comforts, to fly at weekends (and as many days in between as they can manage). What is this Daedalus complex, and what's the form on those who practise it and minister to it? Here photographer MORRIS NEWCOMBE and writer JOHN MANN give the results of an inquiry on London's southern fringe



Top: Mr. Robert Lapham runs an air charter firm at Biggin Hill with the two Pipers shown. The twin-engined Aztec plane takes five passengers, the Comanche, three. Luxury touch is the Rolls-Royce, in which he will bring London passengers to the airfield. *Above:* Getting ready to take off at Redhill are Flt. Lieut. Neil Williams (rear cockpit) and passenger Mr. John Blake.

Flt. Lieut. Williams, one of the Tiger Club's aerobatic aces, is a test pilot at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough. Mr. Blake is the Royal Aero Club's public relations officer and librarian, and gives the commentaries at Tiger Club displays.

Right: Capt. Bill Poulter flies from Biggin Hill the big Percival-Hunting Prince engaged in developing and testing the Decca Navigator, which can pinpoint a plane's position independently of ground stations. *Far right:* Heart-stirring sight for the enthusiast is this hangar full of club machines—in this instance those of the Surrey and Kent Flying Club, which can trace its beginnings to the early 1930's when club flying had



its first great impetus. Planes shown include Beech and Turbulent, Aircoupes and Chipmunk.

Previous page: Upside-down plane is a Stampe of the Tiger Club, flown by Mr. James Gilbert, one of their leading display pilots. Inverted flying is one of his specialties. He is in advertising, and looks after the club's public relations



When Bishop Wright's son wobbled off the rails at Kitty Hawk in 1903, and stayed airborne for a full minute, he inaugurated a dawn that rises afresh for each generation. Flying was first thought of as a sport, and though this aspect has been largely lost sight of in the popular mind by developments undreamed of by the pioneers, there is a continuous recruitment of young people to what they regard as the king of sports. And if the literally fringe activities on London's southern outskirts are anything to go by, there is no lack of enthusiasm, even dedication, to keep bright the flame lit back there at the turn of the century.

Biggin Hill, principal bastion of London's

air defence in 1940, is today essentially the creation of one man, Squadron-Leader Jock Maitland, who started in civil aviation, after a distinguished career in war flying, with a charter service at Croydon. When that airport closed down he took over the lease of Biggin Hill from the Ministry of Aviation (though the R.A.F. still have a stake in the name with their adjoining Air Crew Selection Centre) and in the past five years has built up a complex of aircraft activities whose high point is the successful Air Fairs, the second of which was held this month.

The flying clubs are the core of it all, Mr. Roy Taylor told me. He is the airport manager and engineering adviser to the

aviation side. There are 15 organisations you can fly with, and the comings and goings of their craft help to give the airport the proud distinction of being the second busiest in Europe—next to London Airport and higher than Frankfurt—with the handling of 117,000 aircraft movements a year. Key man in this connection is chief controller Stanley Lee, who with his two assistants John Willis and Arthur Crisp operate from a glass blister on a 20-foot high jetty which it would be laughable to call a control tower if it were not so efficient.

One of the most active of the clubs is the Surrey & Kent. It has 500 members and 12 club planes, among them Chipmunks, Beech and Piper types. In its present form





Above: F/Lt. Neil Williams stunt flying in one of the Tiger Moths over Redhill. *Inset:* another view of the Tiger Moth. Note anti-stall slots on upper wings. *Right:* Mr. Arthur Golding-Barrett, the Tiger Club's senior type check pilot, who fills many other honorary posts including that of membership secretary, prepares to check out a machine. *Far right:* Mr. "Tiny" Marshall, a director and chief flying instructor of the Surrey & Kent Club at Biggin Hill. One of the best known of all instructors, he is a colourful character, popular on every airfield in Britain





the club started at Croydon 12 years ago, though its ancestry can be traced back to 1934. On the cost of club flying Peter Chinn, one of the three directors, quoted the case of a member who had joined after the 1963 Air Fair, in order largely to see if club fliers were as up-stage, and flying as expensive, as he thought. At the end of a year he admitted himself mistaken on both counts. "He had got his licence," said Mr. Chinn, "and spent around £200. Compare it with motoring."

Of the other clubs, one of the most notable is that which helps to perpetuate the fame of the 600 (City of London) Squadron. Another is Flairavia, run by Bill Sutton, who has had a spectacular career first as underwater salvage operator (he now has a fleet of nine salvage vessels), and now as club owner with ideas. "We want to get people out of the idea of thinking that club flying consists of three circuits and a bump," he said, and has laid on attractions for his 600 members to fly to—yachts at Cannes, racing cars at home.

The ancillary activities are going on everywhere. Typical example, Piper light planes from America being assembled from crates and tested. "We assemble one in 10 days on the average," said Mr. Montgomerie-Charrington, in charge, "we could make it less if pressed, but we wouldn't like doing it."

There are, too, the charter firms. Leonard Richards, one of the two full-time pilots of C.C.F., a two-plane firm that specializes in transporting London passengers to the airport by Rolls-Royce, though it was hardly possible to understand why anyone, with speed and convenience taken into account as well as cost, should want to travel anywhere by road to where a plane could land.

In a bosky corner of the airport, in the newest looking building there, sits Capt. Bill Poulter who flies the Decca Navigator development and research plane, a job requiring great technical skill of both kinds, aerial and electronic. Capt. Poulter, a keen photographer in his spare time, was supervising the installation of new equipment in the big Hunting-Percival he normally flies for hours a day.

Among the highlights at the Biggin Hill Air Fair were the air displays of the Tiger Club, from just across the county border at Redhill; a unique institution of by now world-wide celebrity, that sends aerobatic



Left: Squadron-Leader Jock Maitland, who took over Biggin Hill when it was released by the Ministry of Aviation, and is the power behind its present expansion and importance. Formerly with the Royal Canadian Air Force, he flew a Sabre jet with the Americans in Korea and won their D.F.C. *Far left:* City businessman Mr. Norman Jones, founder and chairman of the Tiger Club. He is managing director of Rollasons Aircraft & Engines, of Croydon, who make the Volkswagen-engined Turbulent, smallest and most economical plane of all. His son, Mr. Michael Jones, looks after the club's administration

Right: Sitting at the controls of his twin-engine Comanche, which he recently flew from Africa, is Mr. Bill Sutton, who acquired the Flairavia Flying Club at Biggin Hill two months ago and has put many new ideas into practice to aid club members' happiness, including two yachts at Cannes for their holidays and two racing cars they can watch performing on British tracks. This three-seater executive machine is as fully instrumented as a Boeing 707. *Far right:* Mr. R. Montgomerie-Charrington is partner in an engineering firm at Biggin Hill that imports, assembles and services the Piper light planes from America.



teams all over the country, enters races and competitions with immense success, is invited to send formation flyers even to the mighty Farnborough Show, and recently co-starred with the crack R.A.F. team in a Rank documentary film.

This club, too, owes its inception to one man, Mr. Norman Jones, a businessman whose technical and financial interest in aircraft has sustained it for 12 years until it has reached its present perfection. The Tigers are not comparable with any other club. Conditions of membership ensure that. Qualification is 100 hours in charge of an aircraft and a stiff initial test in a Tiger Moth. It is not, in short, an instructional club, but one of advanced flying. At present it has 26 machines, of 11 types, a remarkable diversity. A separate test is required for flying each, and a pilot who has not flown a particular type for six months has to be passed out again by the senior type check pilot, Mr. A. Golding-Barrett. Nevertheless, it has 340 pilot members (including 13 women) and 130 passenger members. The pilot members consist of amateurs, civil and R.A.F. pilots, but however experienced, everybody starts on the same footing and has to go through the same type tests.

They also do group flying, full arrangements for which are made by the touring secretary, Don Lovell. Eavesdropping at a clubroom briefing for this sort of operation was an instructive experience. Groups were allotted according to type of plane, radio leaders appointed, and—it was a cross-Channel flight—the procedure in case of a ditching made clear. There was no nonsense. It was all very professional. Clearly the Tiger Club, in spite of its

somewhat melodramatic reputation, consists of exceedingly careful fliers.

Barry Griffiths, one of their members who is a lawyer, commented on the difficulty of keeping up with Ministry of Aviation instructions, and continued: "If you're a motorist you know roughly when you're committing an offence, and either correct it in time or take what's coming to you. In the air you can be flying perfectly and safely, and all the time be committing some fearful error for which you can be heavily fined or sent to prison."

About those unauthorized landings at commercial or Service airfields we have all read about. "If you've done the drill correctly before setting out, it's all right. Otherwise you get clobbered." Worst feeling of all in the air? Running into bad weather after a fair forecast. "You're the loneliest being on earth up there, looking for a hole in the fog. England's very bad for it. You can run into bad weather anywhere at a moment's notice."

Another member put in a word for the tiny Turbulent's bad weather performance. "Perched up there you can see everything. There's no mistaking a scratch on the cockpit cover for a railway line."

Finally, disappearing in the middle of a sentence with an apology. "All conversations here are like this. Partly the reason is, though we always start early, we always end up an hour late."

There's always more to do than you think, more loose ends to tie up. An echo here from Biggin Hill. "You're always learning. It draws you on. No matter how long you've been flying, there's always *something fresh*."

And with that, the secret is out.

Above: A director of the Surrey & Kent Club Mr. Peter Chinn. About women pilots, Mr. Chinn said: "They only number about 10 per cent, though the percentage is rising. They tend to be above average, have a high degree of dedication, though rather too apt to visualise situations arising that they won't be able to control." *Top:* Mr. Leonard ("Harry") Harris, who shares with his father ownership of the Vendair Club at Biggin Hill, is well known for his long-distance flights. Last winter he flew to South Africa and back, in a D.H. Dove and is now planning a trip to India, and perhaps on to Australia, in a Tiger Moth. *Right:* Young volunteer helper pushes "Ballerina" out of the Tiger Club hangar. This Cosmic Wind plane is a great rarity, being one of only four produced by the De Vere consortium, an offshoot of Lockheeds, for racing





Shopping for modern interiors is rather like trying to buy a Charles Eames chair in the Portobello Road—the good London shops for today furniture can be checked on one hand. The antique furniture shops are numberless. After you've gone to Woollands and Heal's, after you've swooped on Liberty (modern furniture just moved from basement to third floor), after you've cased Vasa. Void. Although all big stores carry modern furniture, they can't afford to make a specialist choice and so the tricky business of picking a chair here, a table there, is left to the customer. A shop with a strong tang of the kind of simple, straight-

forward props that lots of people like but can't find, has opened at the junction of Sloane Avenue and Fulham Road. Habitat has Elle-ish pine, lacquered tables in child's paintbox colours, Bentwood chairs in strong modern shapes, circular basketwork chairs. Lots of first-time-here French café china, idyllic blue on white pastoral Spode, English honey-brown casseroles, those French wire salad baskets in a beguiling old-fashioned shape. The merchandise has been chosen by Terence and Caroline Conran; the shop designed by the Conran Design Unit. Pagan Taylor (ex-model Pagan Grigg) is managing director of the shop.

COUNTER POINT

COUNTERSPY:
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON
PHOTOGRAPHY:
TESSA GRIMSHAW

Merchandising the picture: Hot orange upholstered Chesterfield goes with tall cane Marguerita chairs that go with a pure white lacquered table. The orange Conran Chesterfield: from 75 gns., chairs: £18 7s. 6d., Conran table: £13 11s. 6d. Afghan rug in melted shades of cinnamon and gold: £83 9s. 6d. On the table: dark orange lacquer tray: £2 14s., white French chocolate goblets: 12s. each and brown pottery coffee pot: 13s. 6d. White china brawn stand to hold fruit: 69s. 11d. On the trolley: glass goblets: 3s. 11d. each, white-rimmed blue Arabia plates: 15s., and French soup bowls: 23s. each. Huge shiny bean pot: 17s. 3d.



PORTRAIT of a young woman

These charcoal and chalk portraits depict young women of the 60s, as seen through the eyes of Unity Barnes and photographer Peter Kernot, wearing fashionable clothes of the period. Points to observe: flounced collars, cuffs and hems, the ease of cut and cloth, the dash and simplicity of the wearers, and the continual recurrence of the black and white theme

Left: Pretty as a pin dress in gingham, pale color, with a deep flounced hem and collar.
Bernshaw.
£5 9s. 6d. at Peter Robinson.
Opposite: Circus.
Right: Cameo looks for a diminutively checked gingham dress with a Peter Pan collar, waist cinching belt. By Jean Allen, 94 gns. at Dickins & Jones; William Harvey, Guildford; John Walsh, Sheffield. Gift bangles by Corocraft, 5s. 6d. each at Bourne & Hollingsworth





Trompe l'oeil outfit of huge revers on a suit of black and white flecked cotton faked to look like tweed. White piqué blouse underneath. By Fredrica, 13 gns. at Maryon, Knightsbridge; Bright's, Bournemouth; McDonalds, Glasgow. Swashbuckling stetson in white straw by Dolores Glamour, 7 gns. at Dickins & Jones. *Opposite page:* Impressive suit of snowy linen weave, with jet black buttons and silk tie-necked shirt. Lightfingered touch—black saddle stitching etched on the jacket pockets. By Kashmoor, 13½ gns. at The Kashmoor Shops, Berkertex, Oxford Street and Peter Robinson, Norwich and Bristol. Shiny black buccaneer hat by Christian Dior Chapeaux, 11½ gns. to order at Harrods. Patent leather shoes, 9 gns. at Charles Jourdan.





Calend sunbathers in French style can splash out awfully on to a heavy string flower towel with a lined black border. By Jean Varon, £13 17s. 6d. at Chanelle.



Highbridge; Marshall & Snelgrove, Leeds; Gay Gething, Hereford. Patent sandals with wire-thin straps, small heels, 5½ gns. at Charles Jourdan

Whitewashed crepe for a skinny dress with a bathing suit top, wavy ruffles round the hem. By Mary Quant's Ginger Group, 8 gns. at Bazaar, Knightsbridge and Chelsea. Sandy summer shoes of woven crystal straw with strappy slingbacks, 8½ gns. at Charles Jourdan. Wire thin gilt bangles dotted with pearls and jet. By Corocraft, 7s. 6d. each at Derry & Toms. *Below:* Sculptured dress in slinky inky crepe has a crinkled collar and cuffs. New mod-length ends just above the ankles. By Mary Quant's Ginger Group, 9½ gns. at Bazaar, Knightsbridge and Chelsea. Black satin slingback shoes, 9 gns. by Charles Jourdan





Black coin dots
daubed on a
dress of
ice-white linen
weave.
Black-braided
ruffles creep
round the hem.
By Shubette,
£5 19s. 6d. at
Werff

on plays

ARE THE BUTCHERS SOFTIES?

There is a splendid term much used in American theatrical circles to describe a musical like *She Loves Me* at the Lyric Theatre. It is "schmaltzy" and it means, as nearly as one can get to it, sentimental, warm hearted and slightly old fashioned. This play is all of these things and has a certain charm too which schmaltziness never precludes. The setting is a city like Budapest; the time the 30's when, it seems, rose-coloured spectacles were standard issue at least in the world of musical comedy.

The scene for the most part is a fashionable scent shop in which practically all the characters work either as sales staff, manager or page-boy and which the rest of the cast fre-

quent as customers. It is a pretty set and allows for plenty of movement, skittish and otherwise. The hero, agreeably played by Mr. Gary Raymond, is the management's blue-eyed boy, popular with the rest of the staff but, for some inscrutable reason, engaged in a fervent *Lonely Hearts* correspondence with an unknown girl. A new saleswoman (Miss Anne Rogers) is taken on the strength and it is immediately made clear to the audience that she is at the other end of this exchange of letters. The two young people however have no idea of each other's secondary identity and, as far as the shop is concerned, perpetually grate on each other's nerves.

Through their letters they

are nevertheless reaching some kind of climax and they arrange a meeting at that kind of romantic café in which Hungarian violinists are wont to breathe down the client's necks, each of the would-be friends to be recognized by their carrying of rosebuds. The rendezvous is a fiasco. Georg does not reveal himself and Amalia is left to the consolation of a philosophic head-waiter, impeccably played by Mr. Carl Jaffe. Meanwhile back at the ranch—sorry, the perfumery—things are going equally wrong. The manager suspects Georg of being his wife's lover and brings about his dismissal while the really guilty party, another salesman, dallies with the brightest of the shop girls and, incidentally, injects some gaiety into the whole affair. This is the more easily explained by the fact that this bright spark is played flashily and well by Mr. Gary Miller and the girl by Miss Rita Moreno, who for an

Oscar winner, has far too little to do.

In the end, you will be amazed to learn, everything is straightened out, the right boy gets the right girl, the chirpy little shop girl gets the prospect of a solidly satisfactory marriage, and the manager promotes the page-boy to the glories of salesmanship. It is a tidy, even cheerful, ending complete with Christmas decorations indoors and gently falling snow outdoors. As you will gather no ingredient, except perhaps a golden-haired orphan child, has been omitted and only the ungrateful could complain about lack of value as far as the story line goes. What is missing—and this is rather important in a play of the type—is any memorable music.

Miss Moreno and Mr. Miller do the best they can with their numbers, and their brightness and crisp tempo liven the show considerably, though I could have wished to see Miss Moreno's grace exhibited in at least one dance. Miss Rogers belts out such songs as she does with hearty professionalism and proves once again that there is nothing an English audience reacts to more enthusiastically than a well-held top note. As the manager Mr. Karel Stepanek, once the youngest officer in the Czech army and now a most sympathetic performer, provides a focus of cosy cheer and there is a jolly little performance from young Mr. Gregory Phillips as an ambitious messenger boy.

On the credit side of this production are the charming settings by William and Jean Eckhart, one of which is a front cloth of a city scene with some of the characteristics of old Buda and some of a Nash terrace. Also there are some admirable ensembles of which I would pick out *Twelve Days to Christmas*. This may not reflect anything special about pre-war central Europe but plenty about that familiar exasperation one feels with those well organized people who get all their Christmas shopping done in very good time.

For the rest, this is a perfectly likable show but nothing further, and I simply cannot understand why it should have got some kind of critics' award in New York. Whatever happened to that formidable group known as the Broadway Butchers? Or is it, as one had always suspected, that they have soft centres and that this soft-hearted musical called *as deep to deep*?



A cue is being taken from poetry by A.B.C. television, when they screen on 21 June a dramatized anthology of love poems for Midsummer brides called *Wooings and Weddings*. Here Jennie Linden and Tony Garnett bring to life Leigh Hunt's charming rondeau "Jenny kissed me when we met . . ."

on films

SWEET-AND-SOUR-WEEK

An envelope addressed in a familiar handwriting arrives, you smile, knowing it comes from your jokiest old pal—and then you open it and out drops a sentimental tract on the importance of brotherly love or something. Is your old chum kidding? Not a bit of it. He's joined the do-gooders in the worst way. No, I'm not just rambling on to fill the column: I'm trying to prepare you for the disappointment I'm pretty sure you'll feel over **A Global Affair**—a piece of palpable, if somewhat tasteless, propaganda in which Mr. Bob Hope, of all people, stars.

Mr. Hope, bachelor chairman of the United Nations' Status of Women Commission, is happily solving a crossword puzzle with the aid of a computer (the chat) when he is suddenly handed a little baby girl who has been found abandoned in New York's U.N. glasshouse. Given the responsibility of finding a suitable home for the precious moppet (it really is awfully sweet), Mr. Hope announces that, as the child has, so to speak, been made a ward of the United Nations, he will conduct an investigation to decide which of the member nations is best fitted to rear her.

Competition for possession of the babe is fierce. Women of various nationalities—Belgian, French, Spanish, Japanese and Russian—invade Mr. Hope's flat and, by making frenzied advances to him, attempt to prove how well qualified they

are to look after a child. From the way they go on, I would not myself trust them with a goldfish. Mr. Hope finally hits upon a diplomatic solution to the problem of the child's disposal. He tells the U.N. general assembly he will personally adopt the little darling—and, in a voice positively dripping with goo, solemnly promises to bring her up as a true citizen of the world. Loud cheers from one and all.

Such laughs as there are are provided not by Mr. Hope, whose wisecracking personality is swamped in the film's sentimentality, but by Mr. John McGiver as his dog-loving landlord (he prefers "fur people to skin people") and delicious Miss Lilo Pulver, who plays a sympathetic, vodka-swilling Russian ethnologist with great charm and humour. Mr. Jack Arnold directed.

M. Jacques Baratier's **Dragées au Poivre** (the title has been rendered into English as *Sweet and Sour*) is a crazy romp which, for all its lunatic antics, superbly sends-up both the old and the new wave in the cinema. The current vogue for "Cinéma-Verité" is held up to derision: hordes of wild teenagers, each equipped with a hand-held camera and a neck microphone, charge around Paris photographing innocent and bewildered citizens and extracting from them exquisitely pointless interviews. (There's a touch of voyeurism about these "Zooms," as they are called:

they lurk behind curtains in the privacy of dressing-rooms and hang, like monkeys, from trees to spy upon courting couples in the Bois.)

To M. Baratier, nothing's sacred. *Marienbad* is splendidly geyed—Signorina Monica Vitti (Signor Antonioni's favourite actress) rather naughtily conspiring with M. Roger Vadim to make fun of M. Alan Resnais' pretentiousness. *West Side Story* is hilariously burlesqued in shots of teen-aged "gangsters" ominously prowling—and that France, too, suffers from loutish youths who rise to dizzy heights of fame on a tide of teen-age hysteria is killing demonstrated in a sequence in which the newest inarticulate idol, M. Guy Bedos, holds a press conference: he is off to Hollywood to make an 18th century film about Versailles—and what part is he to play? Voltaire as a teen-ager.

The magnificent cast includes Mlle. Simone Signoret—divine as a mature amorist vainly trying to extract a tender word from M. Jean-Paul Belmondo, the young legionnaire who has spent a night with her—Mlle. Marina Vlady, M. Jean-Pierre Marielle (as a tennis-player past his prime) and M. Francois Perier. I fell about laughing.

One does not expect satire from Mr. Walt Disney but, surprisingly and refreshingly, one gets it good and strong in **A Tiger Walks**, a film directed by Mr. Norman Tokar in a dead-pan sort of way as if he thought he was making just another Disney animal piece and didn't realize what a swipe he was giving the whole business of local politics.

A circus tiger escapes in a

small town, kills its cruel handler who had goaded it into a fury, and goes roaming loose in the surrounding countryside. The local Sheriff, Mr. Brian Keith, decides it is his duty to hunt down and kill the tiger—he is running for re-election and wants to impress the townsfolk (who are in a state of panic) with his ability to handle the situation. His 13-year-old daughter begs him not to harm the animal—and persuades him that with the help of an Indian handler (our late friend Sabu) he could take it alive.

Such soft-heartedness does not suit the State Governor, Mr. Edward Andrews, a publicity-seeking politician who takes the matter out of the Sheriff's hands and, in a monstrous bid for popularity, orders the National Guard to the spot to make the tiger-hunt a full-scale military operation. Soon the countryside is swarming with troops, TV mobile units, reporters, photographers and nosey characters from far and near.

Meantime the Sheriff's daughter (Miss Pamela Franklin) has been interviewed on TV and her remark that she would like to raise enough money to buy the tiger (if only he could be taken alive), and his mate and cubs for a Zoo touches the hearts of children all over America. Soon a "Save That Tiger" campaign is organized, thousands of dollars are raised to ensure the tiger's preservation unharmed—and the Governor, shrewdly aware that children influence their parents, begins to wonder what has hit him. The film is most competently made and jolly good fun.



Man on target is Brian Rice, who is showing paintings and prints at the New Vision Centre Gallery in Seymour Place. He is sharing the exhibition with David Partridge (right), shown finishing a relief composed of innumerable large nails, and surrounded by other constructions of the same kind

on books

PERIOD PIECES

Virginia Woolf writing to Gwen Raverat about Rupert Brooke said: "He was, I thought, the ablest of the young men. I didn't think then much of his poetry, which he read aloud on the lawn, but I thought he would be Prime Minister, because he had such a gift with people, and such sanity and force." There is instinct for truth in these lines, written nearly 40 years ago, as one can decide from the appearance of the late Christopher Hassall's definitive biography **Rupert Brooke** (Faber, 45s.), which has been seen through the press by Sir Geoffrey Keynes. It is now possible to discover Rupert Brooke in the round. This long and detailed study also includes some of the most evocative snapshots I have come across, that help to recall an era which seems so much more than a mere half-century ago. Rupert Brooke (1887-1915) has been a legend long enough: to those who know little about him, perhaps a lifeless stereotype of the typical hero of a doomed generation, whose truer representative is Wilfred Owen. The reality is, as Virginia Woolf discerned, sane, forceful and amusing, as well as physically and intellectually attractive.

Another period piece is Joyce Cary's **Memoir of the Bobotes** (Michael Joseph, 30s.). This is a description, by the man who later made such a reputation as a novelist, of youthful experiences on active service in what became known as the First Balkan War. Joyce Cary went to Montenegro in October 1912 and saw a good deal of the primitive campaigning at first hand. He is always objective, generally detached, sometimes light-hearted. The doom of old Europe was not yet glaringly apparent to this gifted young Oxonian, who had already studied art to such purpose that his illustrative sketches are professional in quality. I agree entirely with Mr. Walter Allen when he says in his foreword that this is "an intensely pre-1914 document." Some of the judgments seem pretty staggering in the light of later events. "Germans abroad are always the most genial and friendly of men," wrote Cary in a sweeping generalization. "I suppose they miss their domesticity, and

try to make new family circles wherever they go, even round a café table, at street corners, in bars. Englishmen pass through the world as if all its countries were so many chambers of the Sarcophagus Club, as if they had been only lately elected, and were still afraid of the waiters."

What a breathless life Nancy Spain led; much of her last book, **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way** (Hutchinson, 21s.) is about a Greek island which she bought sight unseen and about which she felt, as was her way, infectious enthusiasm. But had she lived, could she, one wonders, really ever have settled there, and if so for how long. Restless activity is the keynote of these fragmentary memoirs of hers, and if any journalist or B.B.C. personality thinks he or she leads a hard life, let him reflect on the schedules Nancy kept, the editors and producers she pleased, the shows she appeared in. Reading about her life is rather like reading about the activities and feelings of an artist perpetually engaged in trying to keep five or six balls in play on the variety stage, and at the same time, making the audience laugh. It can be done, but by the few. Nancy's great qualities were her zest for life and her warm, North-country heart.

The saving of a marriage is the theme of Bryan Guinness's **The Giant's Eye** (Heinemann, 18s.) and the period is the mid-20s. The hero is an attractive young M.P. married to Katinka—good flavour here—who has been on the stage and has at least one active adorer. During wife's absence abroad, enter Janet, a girl of 17 and from the word go an obvious source of danger. However, all ends well, and I can recommend this as a pleasantly-written story, without pretensions to being more. Another book I enjoyed, short stories this time, is **Father Lascaut Hits Back**, by L. E. Jones (Chapman and Hall, 18s.) The reverend father, whom I am glad to reveal is in the last story raised to the episcopacy, has a quick and incisive mind, and whenever he is on the stage one can be sure of enjoyment. The author is not always so certain in his characterization

as he is with Lascaut, and a few items scarcely deserve hard covers, but by and large there is good entertainment here of a conservative type.

In Tennyson's verses about "the lord of Burghley" the hero, a humble landscape-painter, brings his village beauty to the splendours of the Exeter home at Stamford. The true story, told in Elisabeth Inglis-Jones's **The Lord**

of Burghley (Faber, 21s.) is at once more prosaic and, I find, more interesting, for plain bigamy was involved and the lady, though "made an honest woman of" in the end, was not at all at ease in a palace.

A word in favour of a cheaper edition of **Children's Toys Throughout the Ages**, by Leslie Daiken (Paul Hamlyn, 10s. 6d.), an attractive illustrated history of playthings.

GERALD LASCELLES

on records

HAPPIER WITH FLUTE

The latest set of pieces by the Modern Jazz Quartet, given the album title of **The Sheriff** (London), varies little from the familiar mixture. Pianist/leader John Lewis, one of the most creative forces in jazz during the '50s, seems no longer to be able to think up new ideas for the restrictive formula of his well-known quartet, though individually each theme can stand on its own rights. Milt Jackson's vibraphone inevitably enjoys a lion's share of the solo item, and continues to expound a rhythmic and harmonic rapport with Lewis which must be the envy of every small group in the same field. Milt's 1955 work with his own group, where Frank Wess adds a flute or tenor line to the basic MJQ instrumentation, presents a more flexible and much happier sound in **Meet Milt Jackson** (Realm). Their joint extension of the Horace Silver theme, *Opus de funk* is a high-light of the session, laying proper emphasis on the melodic capabilities of Jackson, Wess, and pianist Hank Jones, yet avoiding any suggestion of preciousness.

A month ago I mentioned the first volume of the **Fats Navarro Memorial** (Realm) briefly. I want to come back to this, because so many interesting soloists can be heard on this bop-vintage album. Navarro, whose trumpet-blowing career was cut short by his death in 1950, aged 27, was hailed as a near-genius when he took Gillespie's place in Billy Eckstine's band in 1945. For this classic session he had Kenny Dorham backing him on trumpet, both using their horns to the limit of their range. Sonny Stitt's fluent alto, so strongly reminiscent of Charlie Parker at this stage in his career, is heard to good effect on

the first side; Sonny, incidentally, is now appearing in London at Ronnie Scott's Club, where he is to play a four-week season. Bud Powell and Tadd Dameron both provide invigorating piano accompaniment, and Leo Parker's baritone sax can be heard at its best.

It pleases me to hear a more or less contemporary recording by Dexter Gordon, who was a driving force in the '40s and faded from the scene for most of the next decade. He, too, was a member of the Eckstine band, and worked with Parker in those far-off days. Gordon, a tenor of the Lester Young school, made an emphatic return to jazz in 1960, and visited Europe during 1962. It was then that he got together with Bud Powell, Kenny Clarke, and Pierre Michelot in Paris to make **Our Man in Paris** (Blue Note). His incisive and always economical style brought new life to Bud Powell, possibly the greatest of all the jazz expatriates in Paris today. Despite the fact that since 1960 Dexter has been making his "return" to jazz, I sense that his bursting enthusiasm denotes that further progress will be made.

Lastly, Kenny Dorham, whom I mentioned as second trumpeter on the Navarro session, returns to show a degree of maturity in his own quintet session, **Una mas** (Blue Note). His excellent solo work, which underlines the lyricism still open to improvisers in the modern idiom, is to some extent overshadowed by a newcomer, tenorist Joe Henderson. Parker, Stitt, and Gordon all feature among his influences, and the firm admiration he confesses for Kenny must help to strengthen their mutual contact. Pianist Herbie Hancock adds his distinctive rhythmic contribution.

It is now two years since Graham Sutherland's vast tapestry made its startling debut at Coventry. During that period several million people have seen it—and argued about it. In the early days the controversy raged on the printed page in almost every publication in the country. No one was deterred from entering the fray—through lack of qualifications. The ill-informed and the uninformed were as vociferously divided among themselves as the "experts" were. Through it all the artist, who must surely have felt like banging all these pigmy heads together, remained silent.

Today the controversy has been rekindled. The fuel is a mass of information supplied by Sutherland in the exhibition, *Christ in Glory, the Genesis of the Great Tapestry in Coventry Cathedral*, at the Redfern Gallery, and in a new book, *The Coventry Tapestry*. The exhibition is of about 160 sketches and cartoons made by Sutherland over the period of nearly 10 years that he spent on the tapestry. The book is a remarkable document in which the artist reveals, in answers to questions put by art historian Andrew Révai, how the final work evolved out of a prolonged and often agonising dialectical process. It is not only an indispensable guide to an understanding of the tapestry but also a guide to Sutherland as an artist and as a man. From its pages he emerges triumphantly.

There is, for instance, a complete absence of cant from everything he has to say. Thus, when Révai says, in effect, that the only two religious artists of our time are Rouault and Sutherland, he replies by asking what is a "religious" artist? and quotes Baudelaire's "examples of impious and atheistic artists producing excellent religious works." And again, to Révai's opining that he had drawn Christ's feet in a realistic way to make "a certain contrast to the spiritual

too sentimental) head of Christ: *I studied the proportions of my own head, and I looked at myself in a glass with regard to lighting and so on. The final head really derived from a hundred different things—photographs of cyclists, close-ups of people, photographs of eyes, Egyptian art, Rembrandt and many others.*

In all his statements there is this down-to-earth quality, destroying the myth of the great artist working in a state of religious frenzy. Instead we are given a detailed picture of a craftsman engaged on a major technical project. Spiritual qualities in a work of art cannot be deliberately contrived. They will emerge via technique only if they are felt. *"The feeling one has—if it is strong enough—generates its own technique which will express it. If the feeling is not strong, the technique will be weak."*

imposed upon them by their patrons. The initial requirements were contained in a formidable document that ran to 750 words and contained the injunction, "The tapestry must be theologically sound."

Every component part of the great design went through many changes. The artist was at great pains to avoid the hackneyed and the sentimental and to create something that was of our time and personal to him without flouting, simply for the sake of flouting, ancient and traditional forms of the subject—Christ in Glory in the Tetramorph.

The amount of work done by the artist on each part, even where those parts were of "equal" importance, varied enormously. There are, for example, a dozen drawings for the Eagle (emblem of St. John), rather less for the Lion and the Man (St. Mark and St. Matthew) and only four for the

evolution of a particular element was circular, the artist coming back to an original idea after long and arduous digressions.

In this respect the most remarkable drawing in the exhibition at the Redfern Gallery is a study of a leaf form done at a very early stage of his work but adumbrating clearly the final, controversial oval shape that he gave to the skirt of Christ's robe.

So many of these studies are superb works of art in themselves that covetous collectors may well feel that in this case the sum of the parts is greater than the whole tapestry. The rest of us can feel only gratitude to Lord Iliffe whose vision, and decision to act upon that vision, has ensured that the whole collection will remain together and, later, be permanently on view to the public at the Herbert Gallery, in Coventry.





RISING 25

GOOD LOOKS/ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

About 25 is about time to practice preventative medicine on your skin. About this age, most skins start the wrinkles, the drying out, that makes them such a problem at 40. Revlon have gathered together a range of products called The Renaissance Treatment that is geared to keep skin in good order. In this collection there is a permutation to suit everyone with a problem. Particularly good products are the cloud textured Moon Drops moisture balm, Eterna 27 (try it non-stop for 40 days for best results), Clean & Clear cleansing lotion for extra dry skin. A new and needed product introduced with this range is the Moon Drops facial masque that doesn't tighten on the face and pulls off like a thin rubber glove. People who dislike strong tonics like Revlon's Liquid Asset because it has vitamins, a mild antiseptic action and a gentle stimulating agent. It is designed for normal, oily or disturbed skin and is pleasantly medicinal to use. Helena Rubinstein give a treatment at their Grafton Street salon that is a gift for the dehydrated mature skin. Called Skin Life Biological anti-wrinkle treatment it incorporates a Biological Skin Life cream, a masque that doesn't set on the skin, and oxygen. One treatment costs £2 12s. 6d., & six: 12½ gns. Smoothly formulated to keep the neck young and supple: Guerlain's Neck Cream. This is a medium weight cream to massage lightly onto the neck in a down movement from chin line to neck bone. Smooth it into the neglected shoulder region too. Guerlain have wisely put a date limit for sale onto any creams that may deteriorate with storage. Neck Cream costs £2 19s. Grown-up hair (above) swerves away from the straight look towards a swirly, curly cut. Hair by Leon Sandler who have a Miss Knightsbridge department at their salon where hair is shampooed for 8s. 6d.

ALBERT ADAIR

ANTIQUES

SOUTH AFRICAN SURPRISE

On leaving for South Africa I promised my wife that I would not play bridge after reaching Capetown and also that I would forget antiques during our four weeks stay in the Union. Though I held my own in the first instance, I failed lamentably in the second. Within 48 hours I was trotting round the art galleries, old homes and antique shops and have no hesitation in saying that as she abounds with vast gold and mineral resources, South Africa also abounds with antique treasures. Gradually these are being added to and I was in the country when the South African government successfully bid at Sotheby's for the Devaillant Collection of pictures. This acquisition prompted the chairman of the board of trustees of the South African National Gallery to say that it represented considerable pro-

gress by the country in the international field of art appreciation—and how true this is. Certainly it would seem the people are becoming increasingly aware of the immense wealth of art around them.

Among many of the interesting places I visited the late 18th-century Koopmans de Wet House in Capetown was one of the most fascinating. I was fortunate to meet Dr. Jan Van der Meulen, Cultural History Director of the South African Museum, Capetown, who supplied the photographs illustrating some of the antiques. I was greatly struck by an armoire constructed in the rococo style of stinkwood. This is a wood much used in the making of furniture in South Africa. There are satinwood panels in the doors, and the cornice is typical of late 18th-century pieces, incorporating stands

for porcelain vases. The drawers above a carved apron are in *bombe* form and the whole stands on massive ball-and-claw feet. However, the most outstanding elements of the armoire are the rococo silver handles and key-plates; these undoubtedly catch the eye and lend an air of lightness and grace to its majestic grandeur. Wrought of Cape silver they bear the letters D.H.S. and a bunch of grapes—the *estampille* of Daniel Heinrich Schmidt, who established himself in the Cape in 1768 and whose work, needless to say, is much sought after by collectors in South Africa today.

Understandably there is a strong Dutch influence in the furniture easily recognized in a pair of 18th-century torchères. As I studied these I became intrigued by the carving, which has a decidedly

Indian flavour. This is not really surprising as a number of craftsmen were in fact Indians who had emigrated to the country.

Many fine examples of Oriental porcelain are to be found in Koopmans de Wet house, among them Chinese ceramics of great beauty. But I must seriously admit I was amazed beyond belief to find a Chien Lung porcelain bidet set in a contemporary mahogany stand, the first of its kind I have ever seen, and I am sure this would be the envy of many a collector of Chinese porcelain.

Not only are there excellent examples of furniture made within the country—with a strong European influence or otherwise—but in State-owned galleries and in private homes are some very fine and prized specimens of 18th-century English and French furniture.



Some treasures from Koopmans de Wet House in Capetown: a stinkwood armoire (far left) is decorated with rococo silver handles (top centre) and door plates (below centre). The 18th-century torchère (left) is one of a pair showing Dutch influence

DAVID MORTON

MAN'S WORLD

MORTON'S LAW

The other day I was looking at a rather strange suit. I don't know quite when it was intended to be worn. Not quite right for town, not quite right for the country, and not even quite right to wear travelling between the two. It had neither lapels nor collar, following M. Cardin's style, with a low bow to all four Beatles. It had flap pockets north-east, east and west, with very large flaps, wide cuffs, and several other abnormal details. And it was made of rather washed-out corduroy.

Well, a corduroy suit is fine, and they have many devotees. But it remains a slightly unusual material for a suit; trousers and jacket separately, yes—suit, no. All this started me thinking, and I have formulated Morton's Law: unconventional cut demands conventional cloth. The corollary is equally true. As an example, I'll return for a painful moment to that suit. Corduroy made up into a perfectly conventional two-piece suit might look very handsome. Or that collarless, flapped, high-buttoning suit might look acceptable in a subdued tweed, though it's not for me. But together, cut and cloth look dreadful.

I'm perfectly content to abide by my own law. I've just had a suit made by John Michael in a relatively unusual material—whipcord. I've had a whipcord covert coat for many years, and a pair of riding trousers in the same material made by Droste of Shaftesbury Avenue. Both have worn more like iron than cloth, and it seemed a sound bet to have a serviceable suit made from the same material. And so it proved.

Mr. Negus, the head tailor, was delighted. We selected a dark grey whipcord, rather finer than the covert coat weight, and it turned out to be a cutter's dream. A slightly unconventional cloth, demanding therefore a conventional cut. Shoulders with virtually no padding, standard notched lapels, no breast pocket, no cuffs to the slimmed sleeves and trousers—the only departure being to have eight buttons on the waistcoat and a deep box pleat at the back of the jacket instead of a vent.

I'm delighted with the suit, so is Mr. Negus, and so presumably were the two or three customers who saw it half-finished and selected the same material.

Morton's Law applies to almost every kind of man's clothing. A blazer made of scarlet cloth must be of classic cut, as Aquascutum realise—they are selling them fast at 17 guineas. But a conventional blazer material—navy flannel—could be rather more adventurous in cut and detail. A high collared shirt made up in silk or a classic cotton shirting is acceptable, but the same style in gingham or Paisley would be going too far. A bowler hat with a rather square crown and narrow brim might look all right in the standard material, but it's not much help to make it up in green suede.

In short, I suspect that most of the charges levelled at men's clothing today—"too fancy", "effeminate", "absurd"—are justified when Morton's Law is flouted. Only this can explain some of the extraordinary clothes one sees around. I can imagine the designer, if it's to be ready-made, or the customer, if it's to be bespoke, planning, say, a sports jacket. Perhaps the cloth is chosen first. A rough, hairy tweed patterned in a very large houndstooth almost suitable for playing chess on. Just the thing, perfect.

Now for a tussle with the design. Well, a round, Beatle-Cardin neck, of course. Eight buttons just for laughs, and aren't those green mother-of-pearl ones unusual? Battle-dress pockets would look different, wouldn't they, and why not put a half-belt at the back, like a Norfolk Jacket? By this time the sleeves are looking a bit left out, so we might as well add a four inch cuff with what's left of the buttons added. And put braid all round the edging. Now that's a really unusual sports jacket. I wonder if it'll sell? I wonder if the owner will be pelted in the streets? So much for wilfully disobeying Morton's Law. I'll have it printed large and put it on cards to be hung in every fitting room in the country.



Mary Queen of Scots,
acclaimed by her troops before Edinburgh Castle 1561

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SCOTCH WHISKY

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MOTORING

THE FACIA-BOARD JIGSAW

When you own a new and different car almost every week (even temporarily) you tend to become a shade blasé. In my case a driver will deliver it and when I get behind the wheel, adjusting the rear mirror to suit me, there comes the moment when all the various knobs have to be sorted out and their purpose verified. The gear lever positions need distinguishing and reverse located and the starter sometimes takes a bit of finding. Usually it is on the ignition lock, but occasionally it is a button to be pushed or pulled, and there have been times when it was found hiding away down by the front seats or even under the facia panel.

Of course, every car designer can please himself where he puts the things and how he makes them work, but just why there cannot be a kind of standardized layout I simply do not know. The accelerator, clutch and footbrake pedals never vary in their relation one to the other, but lamps, dippers, horns, screenwipers and heaters come with a bewildering variety of switches levers and knobs. Is there any hope of a standardized layout being achieved? Many people frequently have to use different cars and it is definitely wrong

to have to take the eyes off the road to find where the screen-wiper or washer, or the heater fan switch, is hidden away.

Foreign cars are even worse than our own; they often have gears that work the other way round and handbrakes that just cannot be located. After driving a number of these recently it is a relief to return to a familiar set-up in the present case a Morris 1100. I found myself at ease immediately: I owned one soon after the model came out about a couple of years back and was renewing acquaintance through the latest version. It has not altered to any noticeable extent, but has undoubtedly benefited from the constant development which is always going on inside such a go-ahead factory as that of the British Motor Corporation. The suppliers, too, are finding out how to make their contribution better and more efficient, and the number who now produce specialized components is considerable.

This 1100 is certainly one of the most comfortable light family saloons on the market, with space inside because the engine and transmission are concentrated into so small a space. In its standard form I would not say it is particularly

"hot" in the sense of brisk performance, but when one has had the engine breathed on, as they say, it starts to go some, just some. The breathing is done by fitting a scientifically designed (and hand-smoothed) cylinder head, which allows the ingoing gas to reach the combustion chambers without having to ask the way, so to speak. Also, there are various other devices such as more efficient exhaust systems (but beware Mr. Marples's recent announcement that he was going to be "down" on excessive noise). In the end, these conversions to pep up power can add perhaps ten miles an hour and give the 1100 a top speed above the 90s.

The standard model goes well, of course, and there are many who do not feel the urge for greater knots or more gingery acceleration. I, too, could be happy with the 80-ish miles an hour of which the regular 1100 is capable: however, there is perhaps a little touch of satisfaction in being able to get the edge on another car that looks exactly the same. These conversions cost much or not so much, depending on what is required above the normal, and one should reckon somewhere between £50 and £100 for the lot.

Nothing needs doing, however, to that excellent suspension on the 1100; fast or slow it always seems to give just the right degree of comfort and road holding, and the inter-connection of front and back springing does keep the car on an even keel. Driving the front wheels has become fully accepted, and all the bogies which were once raised about difficult cornering and tyre wear seem to have been laid. But, reverting to what I was saying at the outset, one of the great things I like about the 1100 is its straightforward controls and easily managed gear-box. You know just where to find top and the intermediate gears, and the brakes and everything work so agreeably that it is a pleasure to drive the car. It has little drawbacks, admittedly, like having to offload the baggage to get at the spare wheel, and one has to pay extra for a heater, but by and large the Austin or Morris 1100 is jolly good value at £580 11s. 3d. for the two-door saloon and £598 13s. 9d. for the four-door, purchase tax included.

The Morris 1100. In most respects the design is similar to the Austin 1100, differences being concentrated on the grille and trim



HELEN BURKE

DINING IN

A TREAT FOR HIGH TEA

Various egg dishes are coming back into favour, but some have never been unfashionable. Hard-cooked eggs coated in mayonnaise, for instance. Or hard-cooked eggs cut in half, lengthwise. Remove the yolks and mash them with a little cooked spinach and cream sauce. Season the mixture highly and pile it into the egg whites. There is also another dish where the yolks are mixed into a thick purée with tuna and mayonnaise, either in a mortar or an electric blender, and piled into the egg whites as above.

Suddenly, for a savoury, an old Victorian favourite, scotch woodcock, is appearing again. I can also recommend it for High Tea. For four servings, beat together 2 to 3 eggs, a pinch of pepper or a few grains of Cayenne, a very tiny pinch of salt and 2 to 3 tablespoons of cream (top milk will do). Very gently cook the eggs over a low heat, stirring all the time. Toast 4 slices of bread of one-third to one-half inch thick and butter them. Divide the scrambled eggs between them and top each portion with a criss-cross of drained anchovy fillets.

If preferred, chop the anchovy fillets in the first place, add them to the scrambled eggs and pile the mixture on the toast. In this case, omit the salt from the eggs.

The original recipe for EGGS EN COCOTTE called for their cooking in cream. For 4 servings, heat four cocottes. Bring 6 tablespoons of double cream to the boil and divide this between the cocottes. Break a large egg into each. Add seasoning to taste and 2 to 3 pea-sized pieces of butter. Cook in a pan of hot water, as above.

A similar dish includes mushrooms. Allow a thinly sliced or chopped mushroom per person. Quickly fry them in a little butter. Add 4 tablespoons of double cream and bring to the boil. Season to taste. Divide this mixture between 4 cocottes and dot each with butter. Break an egg into each, season

it as before and lightly cook as above.

Another suggestion is to place a tablespoon of onion sauce into each cocotte. Break an egg into each. Season to taste, dot with butter and poach in a pan of water as above.

Shepherd's Pie sounds very dull but call it HACHIS PERMENTIER and you have a worthwhile dish. Make it as I remember it in Benodet in Finisterre, in one of those years when we had so little money to spend abroad that we were forced to stay at what could be described as a simple private hotel. Madame herself was the cook and here is her recipe. I have adapted it a little because I know full well that, generally, there is no rich stock on hand. Still, if you have some left-over gravy, use it by all means.

For 4 persons, chop $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 lb. of cooked lean beef or lamb.

Chop separately 1 to 2 rashers of bacon. Peel and boil 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of potatoes.

Chop a good-sized onion and fry it with the bacon in about $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter until it is a warm golden tone. Add 1 teaspoon of tubed tomato purée, a pinch of powdered thyme and a small piece of powdered bay leaf. Then add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of gravy or, failing that, sprinkle a teaspoon of flour into the pan and add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of stock made from a bouillon cube and water.

Bring to the boil and simmer to blend together. Add the minced meat and a few drops of Worcestershire sauce. Taste and add further seasoning if necessary. Leave to simmer while draining and mashing the potatoes. Add a whole egg to them and beat them well.

Turn the meat mixture into a pie-dish and spread half the potatoes on top. Decorate with the piped-on remainder. Brush with beaten egg and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 7) until brown.

If preferred, substitute minced raw beef and pork for the cooked meat and bacon and follow the same method, cooking the meats in the sauce for 30 to 40 minutes until tender.



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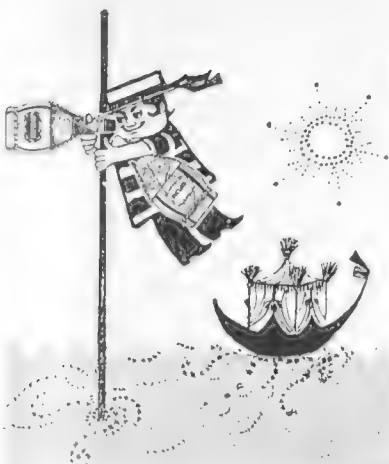
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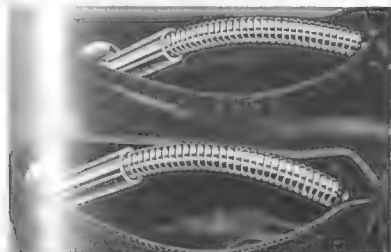
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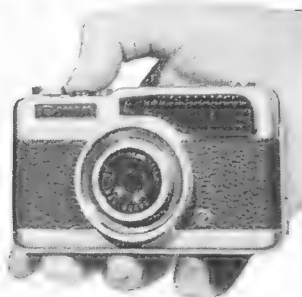
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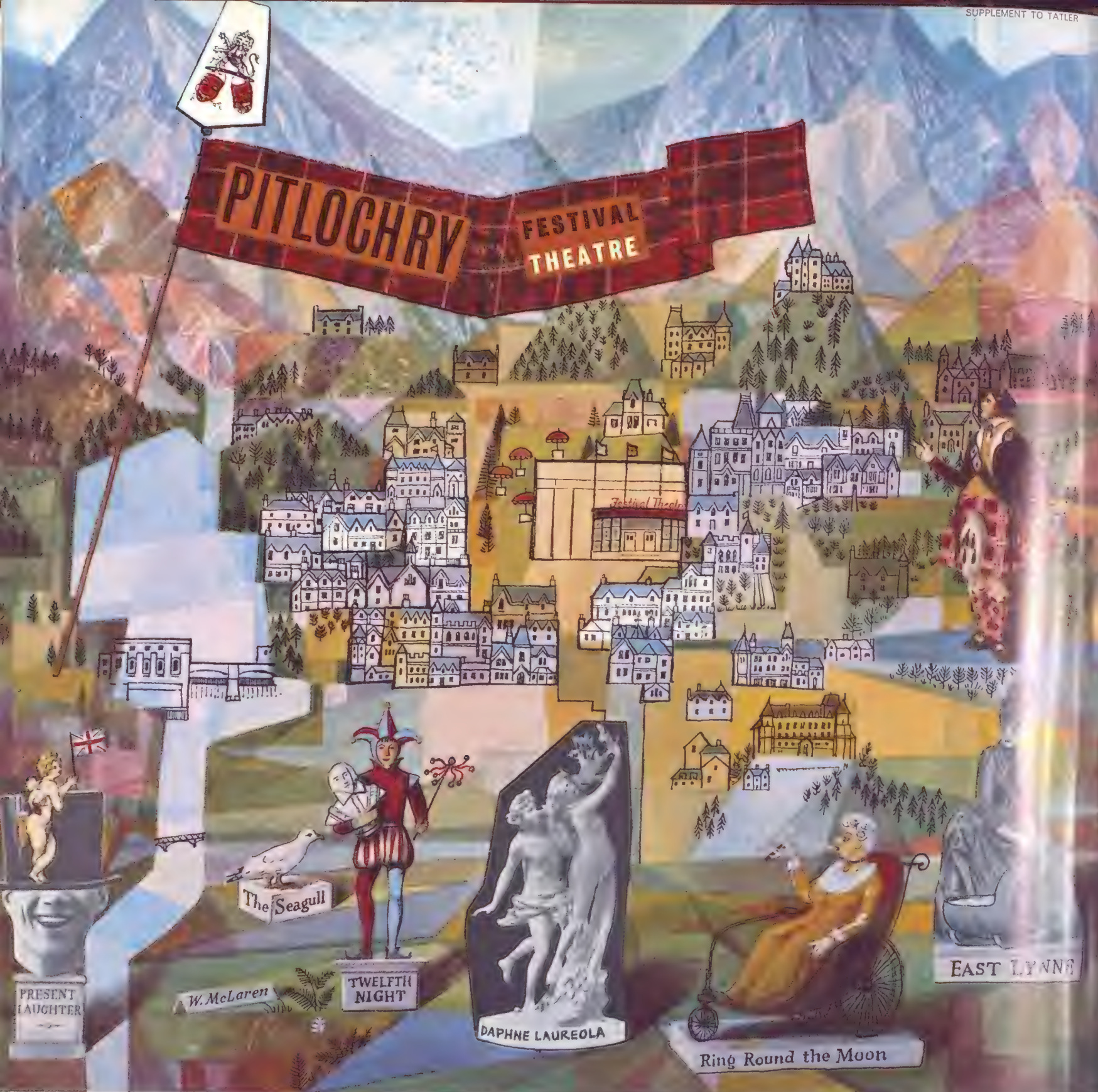
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